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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

A SONG OF TRUST.

I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget that he leads on
With hands of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course
My ship must take,
But, looking backward, I behold afar
Its shining wake
Illumined with God's light of love; and so
I onward go,
In perfect trust that He who holds the helm
The course must know.

I cannot always see the plain on which
He builds my life;
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget he knows
And oversees,
And that in all details with his good plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks he gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning, with his help, to solve
Them one by one,
And when I cannot understand to say,
"Thy will be done."

—Gertrude Benedict Curtis.

THE PACIFIC

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

A Kentucky editor, who recently made his first trip to the Pacific Northwest, astonisned by what he saw, told the people of Spokane that in his judgment tnat city would have a population of half a million by 1920. That estimate may be a little wild. But Spokane is growing rapidly, and has a great future.

The First Congregational Church of Walla Walla, to which the Rev. Dr. R. C. Brooks of Oakland has been called, finds that it will require something like $20,000 to make the improvements on their church building which the needs of the field demand. But they will make them or will build ere long a fine new edifice of stone.

Dr. D. K. Pearsons of Chicago found his sojourn in Southern California last winter, largely at Claremont, so delightful, that he plans to come again for next winter. This time he will come by way of Washington, and will stop for a few weeks at Walla Walla, where he will have opportunity to see the good the money he gave to Whitman College is doing. It was a joy to him to see last winter what is being done with it in Pomona College.

Two years ago, at Los Angeles, Portland was fixed on as the place for holding the next Pacific Coast Congregational Congress. Next year is the time for it. It being rumored that Portland Congregationalists might be willing to give way to Seattle as the next place on account of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition in Seattle in 1909, the Washington Association recommended at its recent meeting that united effort be made to have the congress in Seattle that year. Hold it in Seattle and get Dr. Campbell Morgan to come and it will be the great feature of the exposition year. We suggest to our brethren of the North that they fix if possible on a time that will come within the California vacation period—from the middle of June to the first of August. It will get a larger attendance from California.

Whitman College opened this year with a much larger attendance than ever before. A movement has been inaugurated to make Whitman for the Pacific Northwest what Yale has long been to New England and the United States in general. To this end an effort is being made to raise an endowment of at least two million dollars. The citizens of Walla Walla have subscribed $200,000. The aim is to raise half a million in the Northwest and to look to the East for the balance. Dr. Pearsons of Chicago, who has already given to Whitman $180,000, will aid. John D. Rockefeller and Andrew Carnegie have been asked to give the enterprise their most earnest consideration. Should this plan succeed, Whitman will remain Christian, but not denominational. The passing of the college from Congregational control will not be pleasing to Washington Congregationalism without considerable exception.

The New York Independent argues editorially for the State of Hawaii. Secretary Garfield is quoted as having said to the people of Hawaii on his recent visit that President Roosevelt favored the statehood idea. Asking what are the objections the Independent continues: "We presume, as has sometimes been proposed, California would like to have Hawaii annexed to itself; but that is impossible. Hawaii is not only too far separated in distance, but its interests are such that it could not consent to be dominated by California sentiment and legislation." Another objection to which reference is made is the conglomerate population of Hawaii; but the Independent notes the fact that all are fast becoming Americanized, being, in their children, especially heirs to all our religion, our educational, political and commercial institutions can give. We believe with the Independent that Hawaii ought to be admitted to statehood, and that the fact that it is non-contiguous territory should have no consideration or weight.

We are not surprised that people who come from the East to Puget Sound are enthusiastic at once over the prospects of that part of the country. But we were surprised to hear a newcomer to that region speak, at the recent meeting of the Washington Association of Congregational churches, of San Francisco as a decadent place commercially. It is nothing of the kind. The man is a Pacific coast tenderfoot, not informed. The Puget Sound cities are developing rapidly, and so is San Francisco. On San Francisco bay, in what is practically one city, though different corporations, there are more than 800,000 people—a population equal to the combined populations of Seattle, Tacoma, Everett, Bellingham, Spokane and Portland; and, as we have several times heretofore stated, the bank clearances in San Francisco week after week exceed the combined clearances in all the large cities of the coast. No, San Francisco is not decadent. **Together** the cities of the Pacific coast will move forward to a great and glorious future.

At the Puget Sound Methodist Conference last week in Tacoma, it was decided to put a Sunday-school missionary in the field. Other denominations have had such missionaries for many years, but the Methodists have depended on the district superintendents (formerly called presiding elders) and on individual effort for the wounding of such work. In an address at the conference a representative of the Board of Sunday-school work said that he had ascertained that there were in Washington 62,000 children between the ages of 6 and 15 who were not in the Sunday-schools; in Idaho 58,000; and in the entire Northwest nearly half a million. He stated that there are in that territory 4,000 school districts in which there are no Sunday-schools. And the remark in connection was: "We cannot expect to build up a great empire in the Northwest if we let these children grow up without the influence of the Sunday-school." In the course of the discussion on the subject Bishop Hughes called attention to the fact that the Presbyterians have six Sunday-school missionaries at work in Oregon, and reminded his brethren that they could not expect to hold their own in the rapidly growing Pacific Northwest unless they increased their missionary force and multiplied their efforts. We trust that our

Methodist brethren will not make this a scramble for denominational gains, but with the 20th century spirit of unity will stand ready to cooperate with other denominations in such a manner that work will not be duplicated and time and money wasted.

THE WASHINGTON ASSOCIATION.

The annual meeting of the Washington Association, an account of which is given elsewhere by our Washington representative, was one of the best meetings which the present writer has ever had the privilege of attending. A feature of the meeting worthy of special emphasis was the prominent part which the laymen had therein

There was a "Laymen's Session" one forenoon, and it was so great a success that we commend the feature to the other Associations of the Coast. During those two hours the ministers were not allowed to say anything, and a more profitable time doubtless was never spent by them in an Association meeting.

As usual the year in Washington has been one of considerable growth. Sixteen new church organizations have been added; 21 new houses of worship have been built, and six other are under construction. Five fields in which there are eight church organizations have attained to self-support.

Superintendent Scudder said in his report: "If our work was great last year it is greater this. If it was urgent then, it is now impelling. In benevolences, in numbers, in church organization and erection, in financial expenditure, in educational achievements, the state has this year passed high-water mark. And yet flocks of opportunities thicken, and floods of opportunities increase. Progress everywhere moves forward like a great tide, with its inspiring call to service. Life in such a condition is a privilege."

Looking to the new year Mr. Scudder said: "Let us set our standard in this matter as much higher for the new year as a Christ inspired courage and faith will dare. More and more are the church and the world looking to the local church and the evangelistic pastor rather than the monster meeting and the professional evangelist, as the best and most successful agents in redemption. It is up to us, brother men, to see that our churches are on fire with evangelistic preaching, passion and power. The evangelistic spirit is the church's very life. When they cannot win men to Christ our churches have lost their commission, their power, and their reason for existence. We need a ministry intellectual, social sane; we need a broad program touching life at all points, but without a passion for souls it is all a body without a heart.'

The splendid manner in which the men of the Home Missionary Society and those of the Sunday School and Publishing Society have long worked to gether in Washington is a matter which deserves special mention and emphasis. Superintendent Scudder said of this in his report:

"Nothing could be more delightful than the way in which the superintendent and missionaries of the Sunday School and Publishing Society dovetail all their work into that of the Home Missionary Society. Alert to seize new fields, resourceful in their development and organization into churches, pushing up their buildings in many instances, and at the same time extending cordial help and sympathy to any crippled or pastorless churches in their district, these men are splendidly building their lives into the Congregationalism of the Northwest along broad statesmanlike lines."

And then he suggested an arrangement by which the work might in the future be supervised by a common board of directors.

In the course of his report Mr. Scudder paid deserving tribute to the Rev. Dr. Samuel Greene of the Sunday School and Publishing Society as follows:

"And here I feel like adding a word in honor of the veteran, who more than any other living man has helped shape the Congregationalism in this state. When a man not only gives 25 years of splendid generalship, but in the last five years expends $10,000 of his modest means in founding our churches, securing sites, erecting buildings, we can begin to realize how many enterprises he has started or saved. If we had a dozen men of wealth who were inspired with the wisdom and consecration of Dr. Greene, would for the next ten years follow his example in pouring generously the needed means into these channels what a leap forward for a broad, sane, American Christianity. Is there any greater service one can render in his day for the kingdom?"

Among the commendable changes in the constitution of the Washington Association is the one which admits to membership ministers other than pastors. The change was opposed by several, but it carried by a good majority, and leaves the situation as it should be.

The editor of The Pacific was given hearty welcome and was assured on all hands of interest in the paper, and an appreciation of the effort to make it in every way serviceable to the churches of the coast.

CURRENT AND COMMENT.

Between August 19 and September 10 there was a decrease of 30,371 in the number of idle railroad cars. Last April there were 413,605 surplus cars in the United States. On the 10th of September there were 222,632..

Writing concerning the recent change of feeling toward Japan an American resident of several years in that country touches as follows on the immigration question: "Undoubtedly one of the most prolific and persistent sources of recent apprehension against Japan has been, and will continue to be, the unsolved immigration question. And yet in this regard also it has to be admitted that Japan has assumed no attitude justly warranting the kind and degree of criticism with which she has been assailed. Her position has clearly been one of extreme rectitude with respect to the interests and rights of other nations concerned, and in reference to her obligatory maintenance of the honor due to her citizens. What other nation whose subjects are so pointedly discriminated against would have continued to bear the rebuff with such good grace and forbearance? And all this in the face of the fact that Japan can never afford to consider immigration as any other than one of the most pressing questions of her modern development. It is the problem of problems that has yet to be fairly met and solved. It is the one question which, even if left to itself, must eventually demand its solutioin independently of whim or prejudice. With her population already dense, and yet increasing at the enormous rate of more than half a million annually, Japan will be forced to find an outlet for the excess; and where is she to find it except along the sparsely settled shores of the Pacific? Other nations have founded their colonies and disposed of their surplus population in a similar manner among their kindred and friends. To deny to Japan the same right seems neither consistent with the Golden Rule nor in itself calculated to promote the interests

of modern civilization and the world's peace. Japan not less than other nations is only too apprehensive that anything would be better than the congestion which means national extinctioin. Her people entirely fail to see any just cause for the ban against them."

The New York Post of September the 12th had the following on the trade situation: Three men, each in a position which made his opinion worth listening to, were asked this week what was their judgment regarding trade revival. The first, the head of a banking house with large Western connections replied: "Nothing seems to be doing here, but all our Western clients are jubilant over the industrial recovery." The second, a dry-goods merchant, answered: "The year's trade is over, and we shall see dull times until 1909 has begun. Then things ought to pick up." The third, an officer of a bank with important commercial connections throughout the country, had this to say: "There is a slow and steady recuperation going on. There will be no boom, and there should be no set-back. Business men have lost heavily, and are making it up only gradually by selling at very low prices; but they are paying off their obligations with remarkable readiness, and are not discouraged." In one or another of these verdicts, most readers of this column will probably find their own experience duplicated. It is as true now as it was during the brief spells of enthusiasm in July and February, that actual figures are still those of after-panic depression. Last Wednesday, the monthly report of the country's true production was published. It showed an August output 29 per cent above the low level of January, but 46 per cent below August, 1907, and 30 per cent below the same month in 1906. The $20,000,000 Associated Merchants Company, reporting the operation of its large department stores for the six months ending August 1, showed net earnings 25 per cent below 1907; and the H. B. Claflin Company, a few weeks earlier, had reported for the first half of the year a deficit of $7,000 below expenses, where $454,000 surplus had been earned the year before, Gross receipts of the country's railways, in the six months ending with June, decreased 16 1-2 per cent, from the year before; in July they decreased 17 1-2 per cent, and have run some 12 per cent short in August. They have economized so severely that the net receipts are making a very different comparison; but this is as yet merely adapting themselves to conditions of depression. Does all this mean that a "boom" is impossible this autumn? It would not be safe to answer in the affirmative, if by "boom" is meant a brisk and continuous revival; for the salient phenomenon of the day is the lowness of stocks on hand in all branches of merchandise and commodities. But if the word means quick return to trade conditions such as those of 1906, the notion may as well be dismissed.

There has been a large increase of crime in Boston latterly—an increase of 21 per cent over the first seven months of 1907. The secretary of the Massachusetts Prison Association asks as to the causes of this increase and answers this question thus in part: "Experts will differ somewhat, but they will all include the industrial depression—'hard times'—as the principal factor. The marked increase in arrests for drunkenness, however, began early in 1907, while the panic was an October product. It is probably true that there were far more unemployed men in the spring and summer of 1907, before the panic began, than in the corresponding months of the previous year. The increase in drunkenness in hard times is an effect and a mere coincident. A considerable percentage of the men who are idle in an industrial depression loaf about the saloons. They find their friends there, and the treating customs lead to a great deal of drinking. Many a man who, when employed, drops into a saloon for a glass of beer at noon or at the end of his day's work, and goes out as soon as he has taken it, spends hours there when he is idle. He is discouraged, and drinks to cheer himself up, or for sociability, and does not stop until he has become intoxicated. The increase in arrests for assaults is due to the same cause. One who is familiar with the courts knows that very few assaults are committed by sober men. There are men in considerable numbers who, when drunk, are ugly. 'Fighting drunk' is a condition readily recognized. If the number of drunken men increases the number of assaults will increase, as it has recently. The increasing number of larcenies has a similar explanation. Most of the larcenies are very petty. The value of stolen property is small—rarely more than a few dollars, and not often is it money which is taken. Occasionally a man who is thoroughly sober steals, but the cases are rare. Drunkenness is a factor as a cause of larceny, and so far as the hard times and idleness cause drunkenness, they cause theft. The destitution which follows closely upon an industrial depression is a less common cause. The number of persons who live 'from hand to mouth' is very large. The loss of a week's wages brings destitution. Some have homes. Tradesmen will carry them for a while, and landlords are patient. As a rule the sober idle man, especially the man with a family, does not steal, even in hard times. Some of the thefts are committed by men (and women) who are homeless, shelterless and hungry. They frankly say, in self-defense, that they 'had to live.' But the number is very small. Usually drink is connected with the theft, and the drink is connected with the hard times."

THE REVOLUTION IN TURKEY A POWERFUL BLOW AT THE HAREM.

Mary Mills Patrick of the American College For Girls at Constantinople Tells of it in The New York Post.

During the last six weeks one of the most wonderful reforms ever known to history has suddenly been announced in the Turkish Empire, and changes are proposed that will wholly transform the lives of all classes of society.

The army of spies has been dismissed, doomed to poverty instead of affluence, or to the unpleasant necessity of working for a living. The officials throughout the country are being changed from thieves and oppressors to men who have a reputation for uprightness. Thousands of political prisoners, rotting in vile dungeons, have found their prison doors suddenly opened, and themselves free to return to their families. The faithful soldiers of the army are being paid their wages. The severe censorship of the press, so long a fixed law, has been changed to absolute freedom. Laws forbidding good schools and business enterprises have been rescinded, and the injustice to the subject nations of Turkey is at an end.

In this wonderful overturning there is no class of people who will benefit more than Mohammedan women. If the reforms in Turkey go on as they have begun, the women of the harems will gain personal liberty, freedom of education, and just marriage laws.

Women in Turkey have always proved a a power behind the throne, as they form an unusually strong and interesting class of society. Their position, however, has been an

anomalous one, in a way little understood by the world at large; while treated like children in the matter of personal liberty, education, and marriage, they have had, since the establishment of Moslem law about the end of the seventh century, full control of their own property. Moslem laws, which were not found in the Koran, were founded on the code of Justinian, and as Roman law recognized the rights of the individual without regard to sex, it satisfactorily met the demands of the Mohammedan social system, in which the relation of husband and wife was not necessarily permanent; thus more than twelve hundred years ago Moslem law established some priviliges for women that the Legislatures of many other lands have until recently denied them. This fact has given Turkish women a greater influence in general affairs than has usually been supposed the influence of the person with the money in his pocket. According to Mohammedan law, any woman may sue or be sued, buy, sell, or alienate, or bequeath her property without even being obliged to inform her husband of what she is doing.

In Seclusion.

The financial power which women in Turkey have had has been an element in the training of a strong class of independent, thoughtful women, whose influence has often helped in shaping affairs. This has been the case even in the Imperial palace, during the reigns of many of the Sultans. It is not so, however, in the present reign, as Sultan Hamid II. is apparently indifferent to the pleasures of the harem, and is not a man who understands either friendship or love.

The strong influence of Mohammedan women has usually been a secret one, owing to the fact that they have been deprived of personal liberty. At the age of fourteen Turkish girls must put on the veil that conceals face and figure from all men, except relatives, to retire into the life of the harem. After that time they are never alone. The mother or mother-in-law, the eunuch, or the female slave, are always present, whether they are in the house, walking in the street, or driving in carriages. The trimmings of the carriage may be of gold, but the guiding rein is in the hands of some man. Women belonging to the class described by Pierre Loti, in his "Desenchantees," may, however, have a taste of the gay world before putting on the veil, and may even attend balls in the diplomatic circle of Pera until the age of twelve or thirteen, but afterwards they must wholly disappear into the secret world of the harem.

Mohammedan women of the middle and upper classes are largely free from domestic care, and are even free from the care of their children; they consequently spend a great deal of their time in walking and driving, and in country places of resort, but they must always be veiled and under espionage.

All this will change under the new regime, and personal liberty will be one of the greatest of the new privileges granted to Turkish women.

Freedom of Education.

Freedom of education stands next in order among the social changes in prospect in Turkey, and this will bring new possibilities into the lives of both men and women. It was a strict law under the old regime that no Mohammedans could attend non-Mohammedan schools. There has been a primitive system of education for both boys and girls under the Department of Public Instruction, including so-called public schools of three grades. The schools for boys included schools of law and medicine, and the Imperial University, but these all existed under great restriction. No women, not even foreigners, were allowed to step inside of the classrooms of the Imperial University, even as visitors, and the professors there were under constant espionage, and were not able to develop their departments freely, even to to extent of their modest ability.

Parents who insisted on sending their children to foreign schools and colleges had to pay the price. There have been two Mohammedan graduates from the American College for Girls at Constantinople. The father in one instance suffered exile, partly also because of his general liberal tendencies, and in the other instance the father sacrificed deserved official promotion owing to the displeasure of the government. Other fathers who have sent their daughters to this college have been warned that they must withdraw them. Now this will all be changed. The reformers will welcome education, and they have already begun the new era by granting a long contested title to a beautiful new piece of property purchased by the above named college.

Turkish women of the higher classes, even under the severe rule of the past, have been determined to study, and have managed in individual instances to succeed to such an extent that many have written books and articles for the daily papers, and have studied languages, music, and painting. One Mohammedan woman has exhibited a painting in the French salon.

Unjust Marriage Laws.

One of the greatest causes of social unhappiness in Turkey has been the injustice of the marriage laws. Husband and wife could not meet before marriage, as all marriages were arranged by others. After the marriage the power of divorce belonged to the man, and not to the woman, unless the right of the latter to demand divorce was distinctly stated in the marriage contract.

A man could say to his wife at any time, "Go," and she was divorced, the only penalty being that the husband must pay cash down the amount of dowry that he had promised his wife. The marriage contract demanded a promise from the husband to pay a sum of money to his wife if he divorced her, but this sum was often ridiculously small, being among the poorer clases sometimes not more than two dollars and a half. This sum of money demanded as the forfeit of divorce was also often expressed with a fraction or an uneven number, in the hope that owing to the difficulty of making change in Turkey the husband would stop to think while he was looking for some small money, and would take back the fiat of repudiation.

The frequency of divorce has made secure marriages and happy homes almost unknown among the Turks. Divorce, however, does not involve disgrace to the divorced woman, although it breaks up families, and often causes extreme unhappiness.

Women's Celebration.

It was interesting to see the women among the crowds that thronged the streets of Constantinople after the Constitution was announced. Some of them had thrown aside their veils, and all were alternately shouting and laughing, and reading the papers that they carried in their hands. All purchased papers, both men and women, even those who could not read, although they could hardly believe that they were free to read what they saw printed there or to listen to others who pronounced the words. Many on glancing at the papers thrust them quickly in their pockets and looked around anxiously lest a policeman be in sight. One Turkish woman writes:

"I have seen the word liberty printed for the first time in a Turkish paper. I have tasted the ecstacy of freedom,

and the joy of living. This day will be remembered with wonder and delight by future generations, and acstatically described even by our children's children."

RANDOM THOUGHTS.

By G. R. Harrison.

I think it was Prince Bismarck who said that after a man had gone through a competitive examination for a place in the German army he was never fit for anything more, the cramming process necessary to the success of such examinations brought about a complete mental collapse, from which the party never fully recovered. I heard a preacher say once that during his seminary course the theological professors crowded his mind and beliefs with many things which in after life he was obliged to eliminate. By this statement he meant, I suppose, that much taught in theological schools in his day was wholly impracticable and could not, therefore, be used by a young minister. But this same preacher, who at that time was somewhat advanced in life, had not more than well warmed up to his discourse till I, with perhaps others, had become pretty well satisfied that the professors who had attempted to cram his mind with impracticable and impossible beliefs had made quite a satisfactory failure so far as he was concerned. Nothing of any consequence had been crammed in, if so, but precious little, if any, had taken useable shape in his mind. One fact, however, may be mentioned as evidence of too much cramming. After detaining his congregation for more than two hours he did really collapse, but the collapse was purely physical.

Lord Chesterfield is credited with saying that "Cramming and flattery" reformed our common calendar. "I have been of late a sort of an astronomer despite myself," he wrote. "I was obliged to talk some astronomical jargon, of which I did not understand a word. I got it by heart and spoke it by rote, just like a master. I had to make the peers believe I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe they knew something of it themselves, which they did not. I might just as well have talked Celtic or Slavonian as astronomy, and they would have understood me just as well. They could not, of course, afford to betray ignorance upon a subject as to which I had credited them with abounding knowledge—so I made them believe I knew something of astronomy and that they themselves were also wise on that subject, and thus the calendar was easily reformed."

Lord Chesterfield was not the first man, nor was he by any means the last man, who, esteeming himself wise became a fool. I have read of others in his day, and have seen a few in my own day.

A minister who was regarded as a theological watchdog in a certain church, in announcing Luke 18:10 as his text made Christ say: "Two men went up into the temple to pray; one a Pharisee and the other a Republican." And when his attention was called to the mistake he stoutly contended that he had read the text correctly, that it did read "republican;" nor would he yield till the text was read, word by word, from the Bible. Even then the only apology he offered for what, to all the rest of us, appeared to be an inexcusable blunder, was that it made no serious difference, they were all sinners, anyway.

Now, Mr. Editor, you must not be too quick to join your readers in the conclusion that this man was entirely too ignorant to preach in any man's church. I beg you to be careful and not to pass judgment too soon. Reflect a little. You may not, but I have made many mistakes just as ridculous, and yet, by accident. I am now allowed to preach as an acceptable minister in the most learned church in the world. Well do I remember that during the first ten years of my ministry, with most wonderful results, too, many times did I stand among the tombs of the Holy City and with the word of authority command the graves to yield up their dead that I might send them flying to the cross with messages of love and sympathy for my suffering and dying Lord. Do you smile at my ignorance? Let me mitigate my crime by telling you that I got it almost word for word, as quoted above, from a learned divine who yet lives and teaches in one of our leading schools. Guess he has learned better by this time. I have. It remained for a ten-year-old boy, John White, son of Rev. James T. White, who still lives and preaches near Savannah, Tenn., to complpetely destroy the sermon into which I had carefully woven the above beautiful sentence. It was he w ho pointed o ut to me that the grave-opening business did not occur till after Christ's resurrection.

A congressman of long standing—on the floor—declared that a certain word meant so and so, according to Daniel Webster. "Noah," whispered a nearby friend. "I know better," shouted the man on the floor; "Noah built the ark."

That wise U. S Senator would have shown to better advantage among some people had he refrained entirely from the habit of illustrating his political views by quoting from the Bible, a book about which he knew so little. Here is a sample: Appealing to a class of people who had fallen away from his views, he admonished them to imitate the example of the Hebrews, who, after forty years of wandering in the wilderness with but Moses and the Lord, finally came back to Him at Sinai, where He gave them that beautiful system of Christian science that for thirty centuries marked them among all the nations of the earth as he peculiar elect of God.

Perhaps the wisest and most eloquent chaplain the U. S. Senate ever had once asked that body of distinguished men to join him in repeating the Lord's prayer, and not one of them could follow him; and the story has it that the chaplain himself by no means quoted it correctly.

At a great meeting at which more than ten thousand people were present, after the relation of some thrilling experiences, the evangelist asked the chorister to lead the people in singing "Praise God from Whom All Blessings Flow." He had no b ook and he did not know it by heart. A moment of awful silence followed. Then he shut his eyes and sang the whole thing through on the first line. When the people were seated and had forced their faces into an expression of seriousness again the evangelist, wanting to rebuke the chorister for his failure, rose and said: "Why, brother, I thought you knew it. I will t ake the liberty to teach it to you, for we don't want to be caught in this snap again." Whereupon he asked the people to stand and f ollow him, and he sang the first line alone; not a voice but his was heard. "What is the matter?" he shouted. "Why don't you sing? Now let us sing the second line;" and he made a plunge for it, but hit the first again. The people could no longer restrain themselves, and they laughed aloud. All seriousness was gone and the evangelist saw it. The whole thing had resolved itself into a farce. Looking toward the chorister, the evangelist said, "Stand on your feet;" and the people supposing him to mean only the chor-

ister, failed to rise. Then, with any kind but an angelic expression on his f ace, he spread his hands toward the people, saying, "The patience of our Lord be with you," and walked out in silence, leaving the people in their seats. Verily, the mistakes do not all belong to them simple.

Vorcoran, Cal.

MODERN SNARES.

By the Rev. J. H. Jowett.

The snares are always about our feet. They vary in their guise, but their purpose remains unchanged. We are enticed through apparent innocence into bondage. Through some inviting fragrance we are reduced into a trap. By the bewitching strains of the syrens we are led on to the destructive rocks. I want to look at a few of the perils which thus best the youth of our modern life.

There is **the snare of materialism.** I speak of it not as a theory, but as a life. A young fellow comes from some secluded village to the congested life of a large town. He is impressed by the breathless, impetuous pace, the feverish competition, the unconditioned concentration of material gaze. He is caught in the passion, and is whirled along in its grasp. What happens? Let me give a concrete example. May years ago I was intimate with a fine, sensitive, altruistic young fellow, whose thought and energy were unselfishly devoted to large and noble ends. He went into business, began to make money, acquired a taste for it, but at last became possessed by a voracious greed. It absorbed his thought, it transformed his conversation, it claimed every power in his life. He asked me to go and preach at a certain place, and mentioned as his motive that the service might be the means of enlarging his business! Now I call that a materialized life. He had become the victim of the "god of this world." And this materialism has certain inevitable consequences. It leads to the atrophy of the aesthetic powers of the life; "He hath blinded their eyes." It leads also to the petrifaction of the moral powers; the emotions are "shaken into frost"; the conscience loses its fine edge, and eventually becomes insensitive in all fine discernment. In Watts' "Mammon" there is a great pompous figure in heavy scarlet and gold. His face is fat and sightless. Brutal hands and feet are resting carelessly on the godlike figures of the youth. The bloated materialistic presence has the ears of an ass, indicating that he is powerful but imbecile. That is the materialistic life, the worship of naked gain, the pursuit of carnal power, and the unconsidered crushing of all the ethereal elements in our richly-dowered being. It is one of the most insidious snares of the devil in our time.

And there is **the snare of synicism.** In our childhood we live and move in an atmosphere of happy confidence and trust. All things are just what they seem. We see everybody's front door; indeed, nobody has a back door! Everything is simple, nothing is double. There are no subtle convolutions hiding secret things. That is the very sweetness of childhood. And in that sunny land there are no cynics. But this is how the cynic is made. First of all, we discover our own duplicity. There comes a momentous day when I discover that I am putting in the shop window of my life goods of a different quality from what I keep in my warehouse. It dawns upon me that I am leading a double life, that appearances say one thing when the reality is quite another. And then I begin to wonder if others are the same. I read myself into them, and at last I discover a man in some duplicity. A little veneer peels away, and I discover common deal. I get a glimpse behind the man of prayer, and I find the hypocrite. At the back of his churchly face I discover a fox. Now a double discovery of this kind is apt to embitter a man, and he becomes a cynic. He regards all men as untrustworthy, and he regards every virtuous appearance as proceeding from a foul root. He does not go about on holy quest, looking for jewels; he moves about with the expectation of everywhere finding things ugly and repulsive. He sees that somebody has given a handsome subscription, and he immediately makes the comment, "Title?" He sees that Dr. So-and-so has become a regular attendant at such a church, and he adds the interpretation, "Practice!" He finds that this or that man is seeking Parliamentary honors, and he finds the explanation in "Directorships!" So-and-so has taken to preaching; "What is he after now?" I call this a horrible bit. The man who fosters the cynical spirit converts his world into a charnel house. It is the very opposite of the Christian spirit. "Whatsoever things are lovely, think on these things." "Don't bark abainst the bad, but chant the beauty of the good." But here is the peril, here is the awful Nemesis that awaits the cynic, he so habituates himself to the exploration of the ugly that he utterly loces his power to discern and appreciate the beautiful and the good. When a man becomes a cynic you may wirte upon his life "Ichabod," for "the glory hath departed."

And there is **the snare** of **superficialism.** There is the peril of moving and abiding upon the superfices, of being contented with the surface waters, the shallow but by no means crystal pools which lie here and there in the common ways. The modern newspaper is too frequently a minister of superficialism. The peril is suggested in the names of many of the weeklies which burden the stalls at the railway station. Everything is dished up in scraps and bits and fragments. Our papers rarely give us a joint to cut at, something solid and satisfying. "The readers would not stand it now!" No, and there is where I think is the peril. It is most unhealthy, and the primary trouble is that we are fostering habits of superficial judgment which will impair and impoverish the entire life. The peril is not less obtrusive when we turn from popular papers to popular books. Am I too severe in my estimate when I say that if you take the first half-dozen readers of your acquaintance you will not find more than one out of six who has regularly in hand some solid work, which requires slow mastication and quiet digestion, and which will provide nutriment amid the sterner struggles of life's march. The same peril prevails when we turn to the realm of modern pleasures. I know that "one man's meat is another man's poison"; I know too, that pleasure should be a relaxation, that it need not demand the mental concentration of a game of chess; and yet, and yet, the best pleasure is found in the best things. We are not going to find the purest delight in the first shallow puddles on the road. If we do find our delights in the puddles, it is either because we have degenerated or have never yet attained. The most sparkling delights are found in purity; the lasting satisfactions, as well as the most inspiring relaxations, are found in things "that are excellent," in the highest and the best. It is in this, as in all other matters, it is the best that pays.

How can we be lifted above these modern perils? I have nothing new to say. I can only burnish commonplaces, but they are commonplaces which, if accepted, will redeem and glorify the life. Here, then, are my counsels:

Seek **height of fellowship,** and begin with the highest of the heights, even with the Lord Himself. Snares have no power over the intimate friends of the Lord. If I could but lead you to Him I should have no fear when you are walking on the perplexing or bewitching road.

"'Twill save you from a thousand snares
To mind religious things."

Seek the fellowship of the saints. Make friends of noble and chivalrous people. If you cannot find them in actual life, then seek their companionship in noble books.

Seek breadth of outlook. Read the best books. Take notes of the best books, and incarnate their best teachings. Give your mind good, nutritious bread. Do not live on sops and scraps. Sit down to a great book, and have a square meal.

Seek depths of noble service. The indolent are never safe. "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." Accept no rest which leaves you without service. Find some congenial sphere, begin work, and hold fast to the thing; and by friendship with the Lord, and by serving your fellowmen, and by feeding yourselves on good books, by reverence for body and mind, you will be delivered from all encompassing snares.

MOODY AND SANKEY AND THE UNIVERSITY MISSIONS IN ENGLAND.

A writer in the London Christian Narrates Their Experiences

The passing of "Moody and Sankey"—difficult as it is to realize that these greatly-honored brethren are no more—gives rise to a multitude of blessed memories whose interests will long survive them. Among all the missions they held in Great Britain there are two which, by reason of their local conditions, hold a place entirely distinct among the many remarkable experiences of the evangelists—viz., those held at Oxford and Cambridge, in November, 1882. The following notes by a then undergraduate may therefore prove of interest.

Visiting first the eastern (I will not suggest the lesser!) University, by invitation from the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union—numbering among its membership such well-known names as Armitage Robinson, Montague Beauchamp, Granville Waldegrave, Kynaston Studd, and others—the American brethren faced their first ordeal in the Corn Exchange on the Sunday evening, literally at the hands, as well as the lungs, of between two and three t housand undergraduates.

A large choir of men had been drilled previously in the homely "Sankey" melodies, and their first contribution was greeted with hearty cheers. In many minds this created a dread suspicion of forboding trouble, which was only too forcibly verified when Mr. Moody's opening prayer was similarly applauded. He asked his audience to desist from such manifestations—more cheers! Mr. Sankey sang—cheers! The Scripture was read—cheers! In fact, each succeeding item was received in the same way.

Mr. Moody's address was upon Daniel, and his favorite one-syllabled pronunciation of "Dan'l," was the signal for repeated outbursts. Still, he stuck manfully to his task, and made some impression, not, however, venturing upon an inquiry meeting. Later, at his hotel, as he took off his dripping collar, he remarked to his fellow-laborer: "Well, Sankey, I guess I've no hankering after that crowd again"—and Mr. Sankey concurred! But that was only the human side of the evangelists. Their souls were deeply stirred, and a season of fervent prayer followed, in the course of which they pleaded that God would "show strength with His arm" during the succeeding days.

The week-evening meetings were held in a gymnasium, not well suited to the purpose, but an accustomed rendezvous of undergraduates. The men could be counted by hundreds rather ,than thousands; and, beyond more respectful attention, no manifest results were seen on Monday or Tuesday. But on Wednesday night the "break" came. Very solemnly Mr. Sankey had sung "What shall the harvest be?" Mr. Moody spoke on "Sowing and Reaping." At the close of his address he said: "I have not sought hitherto to get into personal touch with you young men, but I feel sure that many are ready and yearning to know Christ. When you are in any difficulties over mathematics or classics you do not hesitate to consult your tutors. Would it be unreasonable for you to bring your soul troubles to those who may be able to help you? Mr. Sankey and I will converse with any who will go up to the gallery yonder, which is unoccupied. Let us pray."

A long pause followed this invitation, during which no one moved. Then the first, half hiding his face in his gown, bounded up the stairs, "two at a time." Another followed, and another, till some threescore men had so far broken their bondage, and many of them found complete deliverance. Among these was one of the ringleaders of the Sunday night demonstration, who had excused his rowdyism with the remark: "If uneducated men will come to teach the 'varsity' they deserve to be snubbed." He went home to make a ruthless clearance of his wines, cards, and other dangerous delignts, and from that time he took a prominent part in spiritual work at the University until taking his degree. This man was Gerard Lander, the lately appointed Bishop of Victoria (Hongkong), who in the intervening years has done splendid work in the Liverpool diocese.

The tide had now completely turned, and night after night men crowded to the meetings. Many a backslider was restored, halting believers were strengthened, and a large number for the first time made a definite stand for Christ. To this mission was largely due the subsequent departure to China of "the Cambridge Seven."

The following week the evangelists proceeded to Oxford. Here "a hot time" had been prepared for them, the young blood of the older University having been aroused by the fact that the Cambridge men had "knocked under." A cleverly organized opposition was encountered. but Mr. Moody was better prepared now than a week ago. The first public meeting was reduced to a hubbub, the singing and speaking of the evangelists being interspersed with opprobrious epithets and remarks bordering upon meanest vulgarity. It was here that the devil over-reached himself, and gave Mr. Moody his chance. With grim calmness he said: "We came to this city expecting to meet the flower of British gentry. I put it to you, gentlemen, have you treated us strangers with ordinary courtesy? Whatever you may think of us and our message, we demand that you should behave at least as gentlemen towards us."

These were bold tactics, whose very audacity appealed to the better feelings of the opponents. At the close of the meeting several came up to Mr. Moody and offered their apologies. These would have satisfied an ordinary man, but Mr. Moody was not ordinary. His reply was characteristic: "No, gentlemen, I will not accept your apologies unconditionally. You have treated us in a manner beneath contempt. Your discourtesy has been public; your apology must be public, too. I will reserve three rows of seats in the front of the auditorium for tomorrow night's meeting, and if you will attend, occupy those seats, and allow me to inform the audience that your presence there is your apology, Mr. Sankey and I will accept it." To a man they

came, and rose at Mr. Moody's request, while he explained the situation to the audience. The effect was simply electrical. From that time forward the hearing accorded to the evangelists was respectful and sincere. During that week some of the leading athletes of the University ranged themselves once and for all on the Lord's side.

Another noteworthy incident occurred during this mission which showed the ready resourcefulness of Mr. Moody. Preaching in his usual evangelistic strain, he had been insisting on the necessity of the New Birth. Several undergraduates came to him and said: "Mr. Moody, we do not understand your preaching. As members of the Church of England we have been baptized into the family of God. You address us as if we were outside of it altogether."

Mr. Moody, finding they had no common point of departure, telegraphed to Canon Wilberforce to come to his aid, which he willingly consented to do. The announcement of this gave great impetus to the mission,, and a huge crowd attended. The Canon's message was one of restoration, rather than of conversion, but the end was the same, and he held his hearers spellbound with his intensely eloquent appeal. With all respect I would say the address was instructive rather than heart-searching; but it prepared the way for what was to follow. At its close, Mr. Moody, in homely fashion, leaned over the platform rail, gazed with yearning eyes across the sea of faces, and after a brief pause began: "You dear young fellows, enjoying the best of health, and strength, and life—no wonder your mothers love you!" With "a mother's love" as his text, he magnified the wondrous love of God. Very soon tears began to flow, and many a head was bowed in contrition that so great a love had been spurned so long. Today the Christian Church owes more than it knows to these University missions.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR OCTOBER 4.

By Rev. Henry K. Booth.

Songs of the Heart—X. Our Vows and Their Fulfillment.

Psalm 116 (Consecration Meeting).

The fifth book of the Psalms is made up almost entirely of liturgical psalms, those which were intended for use in the public worship of the Temple. There are two famous groups of such psalms in this fifth book,—the Pilgrim's Hymn-Book, or the "Songs of Ascents" (Psalm 120-136), called by the Hebrews the "Great Hallel"; and a great votive anthem (Ps. 113-118), called the "Lesser" or "Egyptian Hallel." The term "Hallel" in Hebrew means "praise"; and it will be noted in both these anthems that we have the frequent use of "hallelujah"—"praise ye Jehovah," which was doubtless a response by the whole congregation of worshippers, a usage similar to that in Christian liturgies of the "Amen" and "Kyrie Eleison," which were the only permissible congregational responses. This Egyptian Hallel, like all these elaborate anthems, was sung antiphonally. A celebrant as a soloist taking the part of the Individual Worshipper, being answered by a chorus of priests and a chorus of people, the whole congregation occasionally bursting forth in a Hallelujah. The several parts of his anthem all combine in a general movement toward a climax (Ps. 18) in which the individual worshipper accompanied by the chorus of people is welcomed by the chorus of priests into the Temple. It thus to some extent resembles a modern oratorio. The Egyptian Hallel was the best known of all the anthems of the Jewish Church, being sung at all the great feast days and was doubtless as familiar to the pious Jews as the "Te Deum Laudamus" is to us.

Psalm 166 is then a part of this larger work, and in its musical rendition in the Temple was taken by the solo voice representing the individual worshipper. This explains the constant use of the first personal pronoun. But let us remember that we have here not the individual speaking for himself, but as celebrant, speaking for the people. The pronoun "I" is really used here in a collective sense, for the speaker is voicing the praise of Israel.

The psalm opens with an ascription of loving praise to Jehovah because he has listened to the cry of the suppliant for deliverance (vs. 1-2). It is the mercy and providence of God manifest in our lives that bring us to love Him. "We love Him because He first loved us." This individual expression of God through his loving help in time of need is common to us all. And it is this sense of his love that brings the song of praise to the lip. The remaining sections of the psalm only repeat and elaborate these essential steps in the spiritual expression of the individual—the sense of peril, the cry to God, the instant deliverance, and as a result the grateful praise to Him for his goodness.

The second section (v. 3-5) tells us how the psalmist was brought into the very "valley of the shadow," into the presence of death, and how in that extremity he cried into the Lord. His prayer was brief and simple and heartfelt. It reminds us of the publican's prayer. Many words are not needed when peril is sore and all the language of the soul is a dispairing cry. And though the psalmist does not definitely state his deliverance, we feel it is implicit in the gracious and righteous and merciful character of that God to whom he lifts his voice in praise. It is this consciousness of the Divine character that inspires faith. Men do not become religious until they know, rather than merely know about God, until they realize his character.

The third section (vs. 6-9) briefly states now this deliverance from the depths of despair, and bids the soul, that had trembled in death's net, to be at peace and rest. And he rejoices at the abundance of the answer of God to his prayer, that the Lord had "dealt bountifully with him." He had only praryed "deliver my soul," but Jehovah had given him not only the return to the "land of the living," but had removed also all sorrow and fear. God never gives by measure. The soul that prays in faith shall receive "above all that he can ask or hope." All Scripture is filled with evidence of this abounding and overflowing love of God that answers our prayers with so much more than we have asked. Recall in your own experience, this bountiful dealing of God. How often has he given you far more than you sought. "Ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full."

The fourth section (vs. 10-14) passes to a more exalted mood. He recalls his terrible state of affliction and pain and cynicism, the bitter estate of the soul that feels itself deserted. And as he contrasts it with his present state of peace and deliverance that God has given, he asks himself most earnestly, "What shall I render unto the Lord?" It is a question that goes deep. It implies the recognition by the recipient of God's gifts that something is due to God in return. The selfish satisfaction in one's own personal salvation which is so often manifest in so-called Christian lives is shamed by the utterance of that ancient Hebrew poet. "What shall I render unto the **Lord**;" this is his first thought on his deliverance. And the answer comes quick and sure out of his own heart, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord. I will

pay my vows unto the Lord, yea, in the presence of all his people."

It is a noble expression of the desire to honor God by public confession of his goodness and love, and the concluding section of the psalm (vs. 15-19) but reiterates the same thought with even greater emphasis. Can a man who has known the love of God do less than proclaim that love in "the presence of all his people?" Is not this our reasonable service? In the testimony at the Endeavor meeting and in the confession of faith as we enter into the membership of the church we may pay our "vows unto the Lord," and it is indeed a small return for his infinite and constant love to us. Those of the Christian Endeavor fellowship who remain outside the church, who refuse to acknowledge Christ before men, are recreant to their duty and false to their better self. "He that confesseth me before men, him will I also confess before my Father which is in heaven. But he that denieth—" thus simply and plainly the Master sets before us our duty as Christians. "With the mouth confession is made," and the vows must not be made in secret alone but "in the presence of all his people." And last of all our vows are to be fulfilled not only by this witness of the lip to our salvation but by the witness of changed and chastened Christian lives. Our consecration meeting is continuous, our real consecration is manifest in our every word and deed.

The psalmist who penned those words died and was gathered to his fathers, but the song lived on. In ages of persecution and trial the Jews lifted their voices in that solemn votive hymn. Centuries passed by. It was the Passover time in Jerusalem. In an upper room in that city a little group of peasants had gathered to eat the Passover. The flaming torches lighted their eager faces as they bent forward intently listening to Him who was speaking those beautiful words, "Let not your heart be troubled." And then when the broken bread and the poured out wine had been received from the hands of that One to whom those symbols had such terrible and tragic meaning, firm and clear and unwavering his voice led them in that ancient hymn, "I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord." If the 116th Psalm had no other association it should be forever endeared to us by its use that night, for it was the last hymn that our Master sang on earth.

And in view of that unutterable sacrifice for us, can we be content with anything less than to "pay our vows in the presence of all his people" by giving Him the utter consecration of our lives.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION.

In answer to inquiries received by the Registrar he informs all interested that the Annual Meeting of the Northern California Congregational Conference will be held with the Congregational Church in Secramento, beginning Tuesday, October 20th, at 2:30 p. m., and closing with a morning session on Friday the 23rd.

The newly adopted By-laws of the Conference (formerly Association) provide for its meting two weeks later in the month than the date in former years.

The Registrar is informed by the Moderator that official delegates to the Conference were duly elected last autumn. at the time of the incorporation of the Conference.

When the Registrar receives this official list from the Secretary of the Board of Directors he will send out the customary notices to the chuches, probably about October 1st.

H. E. JEWETT, Registrar.

Among the Churches.

Antioch.— Increased attendance at Sunday-school. Move to improve church property.

Berkeley, Bethany.—The new pastor, Mr. Evanston of the Seminary, finds much that is promising in the full house and enthusiastic workers.

Alameda.—Though thirty-four have been dismissed since May last, the pastor finds much to encourage in church, Sunday-school and other departments.

Berkeley, First.—Greatly enjoyed Rev. E. E. Baker, D.D., formerly pastor of First Presbyterian Church, Oakland. Attendance large—in the evening greater than usual. Dr. Baker is to supply the pulpit for several Sundays.

Fruitvale.—Recent meeting voted to build, and to take steps at once to raise $10,000 or $12,000. Have strong hopes of realizing the money and soon seeing an edifice fitted to the growing work.

Campbell.—Rev. Wm. Windsor, D.D., organizer and first pastor of the church, who has been living in retirement on his farm, passed away Sept. 8th, within a few days of 78 years old. Funeral on Sunday last; body to be interred in Illinois, his former home. Great loss to our church and the community.

Oakland, Plymouth.—Large attendance Sunday evening to hear Rev. Lucius Porter, missionary to China. His address was much enjoyed, and the impression given that the Board has a worthy representative in this son of Dr. Porter, formerly of China, now residing at La Mesa, in this state.

Alameda, First.—The pastor, the Rev. L. P. Hitchcock, is preaching a series of Sunday morning sermons on the general theme "The Gospel of Good Health," growing out of his study of the Immanuel Movement. The subjects thus far formulated are: The Need of the Age,—A Rediscovered Christ and a Rediscovered Gospel; The Secret Power of the Great Physician; The Healing Power of Prayer; The Healing Power of Faith; Fear as a Fore-runner to Ill-health; The Microbe of Worry; Gospel of Common-sense in Healing.

WOMAN'S HOME MISSIONARY UNION OF NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

The twenty-first annual meeting of the Woman's Home Misisonary Union of Northern California, held in the First Church, Alameda, on Sept. 17th, 1908, was one of its feast days.

The morning attendance was unusually large, and all the reports satisfactory. The Treasurer's report shows that we have again reached the $3000 mark. Reports from auxiliaries were in larger proportion than usual, and all good. Ceres has accomplished its part of our aim; viz, "An auxiliary in every church and every woman a member," every lady member of the Ceres church being also a member of the Missionary Society. Mrs. O'Brien reports with satisfaction an increased demand for literature. Two new books were mentioned—"Pioneers," for young people, prepared in just the style which children like; and "Misisons Striking Home," for all thoughtful people.

The number of auxiliaries reporting either Missionary

Boxes, or Christmas Boxes, prepared for the California Indians, proves that interest in that work is general. The addition of canned or dried fruit was suggested for families outside the fruit sections. The valuable paper by the new Superintendent, Mrs. F. H. Douglas, we trust will soon appear in full. The superintendent of the Cradle Roll of Pilgrim Church, East Oakland, gave a report which must have revived all former interest in that department of our work. In one year and a half she has secured twenty members, and is now arranging a Little Light Bearer's Society into which they will be promoted when of school age. We earnestly desire some one in every church to take up this work.

The Nominating Committee presented the names of the old Board of Directors, with the addition of Mrs. May Williams King to take the place of Mrs. E. S. Williams, and Mrs. L. P. Hitchcock in place of Mrs. W. H. Hopkins. All of these were unanimously elected. The Union also voted approval of the new liquor license ordinance which has been presented to the Board of Supervisors of Alameda County by the Anti-Saloon League. The President of the Alameda Ladies' Missionary Society gave the welcome, and invitation to lunch, and the pastor's wife presented with enthusiasm a proposition that the W. B. P. and W. H. M. U. secure "Headquarters" for the smaller meetings of both societies in the new Chinese Mission House now being erected on Prenham Place, San Francisco. It was also proposed that in addition to the $500 already contributed toward the new building, $200 more be given to cover the purchase price of the gray, pressed brick, which is to face the front of the building.

The themes of the devotional exercises by Mrs. E. E. Flint and Mrs. R. C. Brooks, and solos by Mrs. Cleaves and Mrs. Brooks, were most appropriate, as were the photographs of our California Oriental Missions which have been prepared for the annual meeting of the A. M. A. at the request of their Superintendent of Education, and were on exhibition.

The subject of the afternoon had been divided into "Immigration by our Eastern Gate," and "Immigration by our Western Gate." The first speaker, Rev. F. L. Goodspeed of Springfield, Mass., claimed that theirs is the biggest problem, and before he finished his address, ours on this coast seemed so small in comparison that we should be unworthy stewards indeed, not to meet it cheerfully. Dr. Goodspeed said in part: The Eastern Gate is very wide, admitting one million people annually. One in eighty of all the people in the United States arrived last year. The sons of the Pilgrims and Puritans are rapidly becoming the strangers in their own land. Already 70 per cent of the people in their portion of the East are children of foreigners or foreign born. In Fall River, Mass., 95 per cent of the population are foreigners. One fourth of the French of Canada have crossed the border over into New York and New England. Enough Italians come to establish 22 cities of 10,000 each in a single year. People fleeing from Russia alone are enough to create 18 cities of 10,000 each. Nearly one-fourth can neither read nor write, and 232,000 have no occupation. Their hard lot at home, and the more comfortable one of friends who have preceded them here, cause them to come. To them, America seems the best place in the world. 90 per cent remain in the eastern cities. One person in every four in New York City is a Hebrew. The Smiths are outnumbered by the Cohns. Four per cent go South, four per cent reach the greater or Middle West, while only two per cent come to this coast. Yet those who are closest to this great problem are the most hopeful about it. In spite of their hot blood the Italians are hopeful material for missionary work. What should this mean to American Christians? It is for us to believe that our opportunity is providential; that history is working out God's divine purpose for our brothers. As we would not go to them, God sent them to us. The sincerity of our belief in our religion is being put to the test. Have we a good thing? Will we offer it to them? Do we believe that salvation is for all men? Here are 1,000,000 divine opportunities given us each year. Will we value the opportunities and love the individuals for Christ's sake? Will we regard them as He did the Gentiles? Not with criticism and as inferiors, but as made of one blood and as needing to be helped into the Christ life. He came to save men, not because they were so many, but because they were so dear. Will we so regard them? Will we love them as He did? and not be satisfied with giving money to pay others for doing it. No one can do our share of the loving which is symbolized by the touch of the outstretched hand.

What Christians today need is a readiness to accept the trust of being ambassadors of God to these people, conveying to them His message of love and His desire to save. To make it not a problem but an inspiration to achievement.

Speaking for those who enter by our Western Gate, Mr. S. F. Chien, a student in the University of California, recently come from China, referred to the changes taking place in China by using the illustration of a closed room in which the air has become unhealthy. Fresh air forced in reveals the difference, and results in the seeking, by those who can, of the purer air outside, and the gradual expulsion of the impure,—like the two great evils of opium smoking and foot-binding which are being forced out of China.

Two months ago an Imperial decree went forth to establish schools of every grade from kindergarten to University throughout China. Where are a sufficient number of instructors to be obtained? Not in China for ten years to come. Japan has been tried but is not prepared to be China's educator in all branches. To Europe or America they must come for preparation. Those who first came to America for education took back a good report, but the treatment of those coming later has deterred many. Now the Immigration officials are treating them courteously again and more will come. These will be from good families of the higher classes whom the missionaries cannot reach; they being obliged to confine their work to the middle and lower classes. These students returning will have great influence, and if, in spite of the prejudice of some, they find there are others—Christians—who treat them as brothers, on their return they will have a good word to say for Christianity which will have a great effect upon the lower classes. Mr. Chien therefore appealed for right treatment of his people for the sake of Christ and His cause. This is our opportunity on this western coast. , L. E. A.

District Attorney Jerome of New York has been triumphantly acquitted and commended by the committee appointed to investigate his official conduct. It is fairly apparent and becoming more so that every officer who dares to do his duty will be attacked by the evil contingency and, if possible, discredited. If this evil contingency cannot brow-beat and intimidate a good officer, then they will get in behind him and try, as in this case, to urge him into excess. Mr. Jerome seems to know the situation and has kept in the boundaries of sanity.

THE HOME

SIMPLE DIET MEANS GREATER EFFICIENCY.

Experimental study of the physiological needs of the body for food has indicated that the real requirements of the system, especially for proteid foods (meats, etc.), are far below the amounts called for by existing dietary stands, and still further below the customary habits of the majority of mankind. The ability of the body to maintain a condition of physiological equilibrium, with a true nitrogen balance, etc., on a relatively small amount of nitronous food, would seemingly imply that the large surplus so generally consumed constitutes an entirey uncalled-for drain upon the system, as well as upon the pocket of the individual and without compensatory gain.

In our experimental study of this question, observations on many individuals have extended over such long periods of time that there is apparent safety in the conclusion that the dietary standards which aim to conform to the true needs of the body are perfectly adapted to sustain health strength, and vigor indefinitely.

That these smaller amounts of food are quite sufficient to meet the needs of the body is indicated by the condition of the subjects after many months of living at these lower levels. Especially noticeable, because at that time wholly unexplained, was the decided gain in bodily strength and endurance manifested by all the subjects of experiment.

Further, the many data obtained in our experimental studies, reinforced by a multitude of personal experiences from all over the world, comunicated to the writer, all lead to the view that there is great personal gain in the acquisition of dietary habits that tend toward moderation and simplicity. Renewed health, increased vigor, greater freedom from minor ailments, etc., are so frequently reported as the outcome of temperance in diet, that we are forced to the conclusion that the surplus of proteid food commonly consumed—amounts far beyond what the physiological necessities of the body demand—is wholly unphysiological, and in the long way detrimental to the best interests of the indivdual. There is seemingly sound philosophy in so changing the customs and habits of our daily life that they will conform more or less closely to our present understanding of the physiological requirements of the body.—Prof. Russell H. Chittenden, in Popular Science Monthly.

THAT VEXED QUESTION OF "PIN MONEY."

I have tried to trace the origin of the term "pin money," and failed. The supposition is that it dates back to the fifteenth century, when pins were first made. Being handmade, they were rather expensive—hence it is surmised that women were allowed a small amount of money to buy pins.

I wonder if the average man knows how hard it is for a woman to ask him for money? Does he realize the difference it would make in her attiude toward himself if instead of waiting for such a request he would forestall it by giving her at a stated time not only a fixed amount for the household expenditure but something over for her personal wants—something the use of which he never inquires or cares? I am speaking in particular of husband and wife, but the same rule should apply to all housewives.

It is particularly embarrassing to the young bride whose generous father up to her marriage has provided for her necessities and even luxuries, to have to ask for money.

"Don't you have everything you want?" "Aren't we 'one'?" "Isn't everything I own yours?" and such jesting questions do not make the matter easier.

I once gave a prospective bridegroom the following advice: "William," I said, "I know you are going to have to economize very closely, but never fail to plan to have a little over to give your wife for her private purse. This is only her right, and be sure you never inquire to what use she puts it—whether it will go toward a present at Christmas for your worthy self (as nine cases out of ten it will), or possibly sent home for some little luxury for her invalid mother, or put into her misisonary box; it's nothing to you." He promised, and the sequel has shown he has followed the advice to the letter.

In contrast to the above case, I once knew a young husband who, while devoted to his beautiful girl-wife, considered that if she were well clothed and fed she should be perfectly satisfied. The table was well provided and she was handsomely gowned, but beyond that she was never allowed any money. I have known her to go to his office for fifty cents, and explain just what she was going to spend it for. I have also seen her embarrassment when she excused him by remarking that Lewis had forgotten to leave any money at home that morning. I afterward learned that he made a practice of forgetting. I hate to add that later in life her embarrassment led to almost open scorn; she was humiliated so often! Strange to relate, those people sold their home to a young lawyer and his wife. He was a poor man, though his wife had been brought up in luxury. Among other valuable wedding presents she had received a Steinway grand piano. One day when I was calling on her, she asked me joyfully what I supposed she found on the piano keys that morning when she opened the piano to practice? "A dime," she explained. ("Just think! My Jim must have put it there for me. He is always doing these nice little things for me. Oh, I do love him so," she added frankly. I smiled at the size of the gift, but dimes were none too plentiful in poor Jim's pocket, and his fond wife was measuring his thoughtfulness more than the value of the gift.

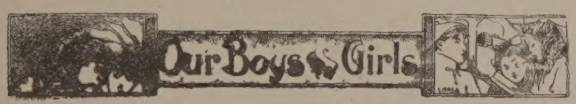
I think I cannot do better than end with a pathetic little bit of truth told me by an old lady.

"My poor husband" (long departed), she said, "was a good, kind man at heart, but he never was generous to me. He spent a good deal on himself, but he could not see what a woman needed beyond food and clothes. One day his sister came to visit us and proposed that we go to a band concert. She was surprised that I had no money for my ticket, nor could I go without consulting my liege lord. She had a long talk with her brother that night, which ended in his apologizing for his remissness in the past and presenting me with a five-dollar bill; 'a little pin money,' he said jokingly. He promised he would give me that same amount every month. But would you believe it?—the next day he wanted some money in a hurry, and came and borrowed my five-dollar bill—and forgot to pay it back! Pay it back next month when he gave me the other? Indeed he didn't—nor was there ever another; and what's more, I was too proud to remind him. I had got into the habit of not asking as much as he had of not giving, so we just went on in the same old way—only I never did forget it—to him."

"Your sister seems to have been more fortunate in her married life," I remarked.

"She was and she was not—for they some way did not get along, and after awhile they agreed to part. But she told me long afterwards that she always felt badly when she remembered all his generosity to her, whatever his actual faults were. She said that the first morning after his marriage he took her purse and put a generous bill in it, and told her when that was spent he'd put more in it, and never to let it get empty without telling him. 'Women,' he said, 'wanted lots of little things men didn't even know the names of.' She said when she remembered that, she wished she'd been kinder to him."

It seems to me home would be a much happier place if there were a definite understanding between the "bread-winner" and the dispenser of the loaves. I like that strong, old-fashioned word "helpmeet"—it puts a woman in her right relation toward her husband. Surely if she is to be this, she must be taken into his full confidence. It is to her interest as much as his to wisely spend the money, to see that the income is more than the output and to provide for the future. This can only be accomplished by a careful proportioning of the income. This decided, a just as well as generous husband will acknowledge that as a man always requires loose change in his pocket for petty demands or expenses, so a woman has equal claims upon her purse, and it will be his pleasure to see that she is regularly supplied with the wherewithal. Even if she only gets as much as the cost of his cigars per annum, she will not lack "pin money."—Grace Eddy in The Interior.



GOING WITH THE CROWD.

"But all the girls went, mother. I don't like to be the only one left out. Besides, when I said I wouldn't go, they all laughed at me and said I was a coward."

It was Wednesday morning, before school time, and Anna was dreading to go back to school, dreading to meet her teacher. The day before a circus had been in town. At recess, while the children were in the playground, they heard the noise of the band, and one of the girls said:

"Let's go and see the parade."

"All right," said Anna, "I'll go and ask teacher if we may go."

"No, don't ask her, she might say no. We can get back before the bell rings, and she wwill never know that we left the grounds."

Anna and one or two of the girls held back. They all knew it was against the rules to go off the playground at recess, without permission.

When the girls saw the parade pass one point, they wanted to see it once more, and away they went through a cross street to get to the corner before the procession. School was forgotten; and when they did remember, it was long past recess time and too late to go back.

The next morning, as Anna stood in the kitchen, talking it over with her mother, her little heart was very heavy. She knew she had done wrong. She dreaded to go to school and she was very unhappy.

"Perhaps," said her mother, "if you had been brave about not going, the other girls would have stayed on the school grounds, too. Or, if she had asked the teacher, I think she would have let you go. But whether she did or not, it is never safe to do a thing just because 'all the rest do it.' Going with the crowd is not a safe plan unless you are sure the crowd is going in the right direction. The only wise thing for you to do is to be sure you are right, and then stick to it and never mind what the crowd does."

"I didn't mean to do wrong," said Anna, as the tears started to her eyes.

"I know that, my dear," said her mother, "but you were more afraid of being teased than you were of doing wrong. I hope you will remember from this day forward that the brave girl is not the girl who dares to do wrong, but the one who does what she knows to be right in spite of the taunts and jeers of her playmates."

"What shall I say to my teacher?" asked Anna in a low voice, as she dropped her head.

"Oh," said her mother, kissing her, "you go right straight to your teacher and tell her that you have done wrong and that you are sorry for it. Ask her to let you say so before the whole school. Be sure to beg her pardon and promise not to do so again."

Little Anna did as her mother told her. That afternoon when she came back from school, she ran to her mother's arms and said:

"Mother, I'm so happy. Teacher forgave me, and I mean to be good."

And the smile on Anna's face spoke plainly of a happy heart.—Flood's Flowers.

THE FOOT OF THE LADDER.

"So you think you want to be an architect, do you?" said Frederick Arnold to the young man who had made his way into the inner office.

Arnold was busy. A dozen matters of importance were awaiting his attention; yet here was this youngster coolly appropriating his time and asking him for work. "I don't think; I know," Warren Hill answered, quietly ignoring the sneer in the question.

"Hum!" Arnold swung round in his chair and surveyed the intruder over the rims of his glasses. It was a good face he saw, a resolute chin, a firm mouth, plenty of room for brains above the merry brown eyes. The lad's figure, too, was wiry, athletic. Still, the elder man was not quite satisfied. He took up the little pile of plans that Warren had brought as his best recommendation, and went quickly over them.

"These are not bad," he said cautiously. "At least nothing extraordinary. These windows are rather good, and your chimneys seem to be constructed with some idea of drafts and flues. But an architect must be able to do something else besides draw pretty pictures. Most of the young men who come to me for work expect I'll set 'em to building Carnegie libraries right off. Libraries, when they hardly know a joist from a jews-harp!"

Warren smiled appreciatively, wondering what Arnold's next words would be. Nothing favorable, he decided after a glance at the grim features. And he wanted that position as he had never wanted anything before in all his eighteen years. Nothing except the change in affairs at home, which made it imperative that he get something to do, instead of spending his vacation preparing for technical school in the fall, would ever have induced him to ask Arnold for work.

"Hill," asked the architect, "is your father professor of Greek in Raleigh College?"

"He was, until his death, two months ago," Warren answered quietly.

"Ah, I did not know." There was genuine sorrow in

the architect's voice. "We were classmates at college. I would like to do something for his son, but the best thing I can do is to set you at work at the very bottom of the ladder."

"That is where I want to begin," Warren answered cheerfully.

"Well, then"—Arnold's fingers were busy with pencil and paper—"take this over to Pat Casey, on Mitchell street, and tell him to give you a job. They are excavating for a big hotel." Warren pocketed the paper gratefully enough, and departed in far better spirits than he had come. Casey, he found, was a big, burly Irishman in charge of a gang of Greeks and Italians who were hard at work with pick and shovel.

"Work is it ye want?" said Casey, good-humoredly. "Shure, ye don't look like no heavy weight, but if Misther Arnold sent ye I'll give ye a trial. Still, it's no tennis court ye'll find that cellar."

Nothing daunted, Warren grasped his shovel as if it were the right hand of good fortune held out to him, blessing the athletic training of the year before which had turned the flabby muscles of the student to sinews of iron. Still, it was very hot as the pit grew deeper. The perspiration streamed down his face and mingled with the dust, until he loked no better than the Italian at his side. His muscles ached with the unaccustomed strain, and he set his teeth and shoveled steadily until the foreman nodded approvingly. "That's right," he shouted; "you're a hummer."

Warren looked at his blistered hands and smiled a streaked smile. Away in the distance he saw an office like Arnold's with his own name above the door. "Oh, I'll reach it yet," he muttered. "Shoveling dirt at two per day isn't such a bad way to begin, after all."

By the end of the first week his muscles grew accustomed to the strain; his hands no longer troubled him. The work paid far better than many an easier position. So when Casey moved to another job, Warren followed, with a slight increase in his wages.

Some two months later he looked up to find Arnold, the architect, peering down at him from the rim of the excavation. "The foot of the ladder, eh?" he queried.

"Yes, sir"—Warren paused to wipe his streaming forehead—"but I think I am ready for the next rung."

"How so?" asked Arnold, coming a step or two nearer.

"Why, one of our teamsters wants to go East, and he has offered to sell me his outfit for one hundred and fifty dollars. I've an idea I could make more teaming than I can shoveling."

"Got the money?" Arnold's voice was full of interest.

"No, only half of it. I've had to use some of my wages; but the man will take a mortgage on the team for the rest of it."

"Don't you do it. Let me be your banker; then you can pay me the principal, without interest, whenever it is convenient for you."

"That's kind of you," said Warren. "I will conclude the bargain at once."

He went home in rare good spirits that night. The possession of the team meant added opportunities for work, and better pay. "Mother," he called gaily, "I'm a contractor now. I hope you appreciate the rise in our position."

She laughed. She had a way of seeing things in a merry light, this plucky litle mother. She had seen her son give up his chosen profession and don overalls and jumper without a murmur, so sure had she been of brighter prospects.

The first contract which Warren took called for the removal of two thousand cubic yards of earth within a given time. Before making his bid he looked the ground over, and wondered if there might not be a stratum of building sand under the loam. The idea was worth loking into, so one night he made his way to the lot and by using an auger, verified his guess. The bid he finally handed in was so much lower than any other that all the other contractors laughed at him. "You will lose," they declared. "You are bound to."

"You just wait," chuckled Warren. "I may uncover a bed of diamonds."

"Bed of fiddlesticks!" exclaimed Casey, losing patience with his former employee. "Shure, it's crazy ye are."

However in less than four weeks he had cleared over two hundred dollars, fuly half of which was from sand sold. His next work was the destruction of an old frame building, which was to be torn down to make room for a larger, more convenient structure. It was a rush order, with a premium of five dollars for every day he saved to the company.

"There's good building material in it," said Warren to himself; "but I can't stop to get it out, and I can't afford to hire it done. I'd give it away if folks would only carry it off." So the next day there appeared in each of the three dailies of the place the startling advertisement: "Free lumber. Come and get it. 455 McPherson avenue."

When Warren appeared the next morning there was a small army of men waiting for him. The first wanted siding. "Take it off and you can have it," said Warren, pointing to the building. Another had use for the doors and windows. A third wanted flooring. Another took down the chimneys for the sake of the bricks they contained. So the work went merrily on. The men were satisfied with their bargain. As for Warren, why, the house was being torn down, and carried off without any expense to him.

In the midst of it Frederick Arnold suddenly appeared on the scene. For a while he stood silent, his eyes following every movement of the workmen. It was a good scheme. Used to labor-saving methods though he was, he had never made use of a plan like this. "Humph," he said to himself, and went in search of the boy who was directing the men. Six months ago the lad had confided his ambition to him and asked for work. He smiled a little grimly as he thought of the task which he had assigned to his old classmate's son.

"Shoveling dirt with Italians, under an Irish boss," he muttered. "He stuck to it like a good one. Casey said he never had a better boy to work. Most chaps would have turned up their noses at it and hunted a four-a-week job in a store. Or else they'd have sat down and whined about not having a fair chance. Chance, faugh! I like a boy who can make his own chance, not wait for somebody to hand him one. Ah, there he is!"

"Well," he said, laying a friendly hand on Warren's shoulder, "how do you like being a contractor?"

"It's great," Warren answered enthusiastically. "I never had any idea hard work could be such fun. Then I've learned a lot about foundations."

Arnold nodded. "It's a good business, and you have a very fair start. I don't suppose you would want to give it up and take a position in my office, would you?"

"Would I?" In Warren's voice joy and ambition strove for mastery. "There is nothing I'd like better."

"Well, then," said Arnold slowly, "I shall be glad to have you come any time. But I warn you that you will find office work very different from tearing down old buildings or moving sand."

"I shan't care," said Warren, "so long as it leads toward the top of the ladder."—Young People.

A MODEL NEGRO COMMUNITY.

The Outlook in a recent issue said: "The best environed Negro community in the United States is to be found in Baltimore. On Druid Hill Avenue are the houses of the more successful Negroes, and the houses of the less successful are on the tributary streets and avenues. This Negro community has within the past year suppressed thirteen of the forty-two saloons of the neighborhood, and has thus raised its moral tone. In doing that, the Negroes secured the help of the white citizens by, first, a careful study of conditions, and, second, a presentation of facts by charts and plans, based on the records of the police and health departments. This action on the part of the Negro leaders in this community explains in large measure the attitude of the City Council in its welcome to the League."

We are bound to say that during a month's stay in Baltimore we noticed apparently the greatest harmony and good will among the Negroes and Whites. There was no Jim Crowism in the street cars. In one instance during the General Conference a banquet was arranged and it had to be called off because a colored person had been invited, but on the general surface of things there was peace and good will. The social rule within defined limits was no doubt strictly observed. The citizens make large use of the colored population. There is a way for the races to live together in peace, each enjoying the full measure of social and political rights. The Negro needs help in his struggle for an education. He must be taught to take himself seriously. The question of government among the Negroes is rapidly becoming one of self-government. The Negroes cannot be disfranchised and overrun with saloons and not degenerate into an ignorant and dangerous class. They are in all essential respects like the rest of mankind. Every muncipality with a large Negro population should see to it that no saloons or dens of vice are allowed among them. Sanitation, good schools, good moral conditions as an environment will do much to settle the whole race problem. The Negro is just as good as anybody when he is as good as anybody. This race question is not settled by a theory, but by the facts. Theoretically the races may seen to be wide apart, but they are really no farther apart than the facts determine. When Booker T. Washington visited San Francisco he was heard by a great multitude and his color cut but little figure among the people at large. When the late President Price, that matchless colored orator of North Carolina visited San Francisco, Senator Stanford and several of the leading citizens attended his great lecture. Dr. M. C. B. Mason, Dr. J. W. E. Bowen, Booker T. Washington and other notable men of the Negro race are Christian gentlemen of culture and real worth. There is a power in culture, in the graces of a true and noble life which cannot be permanently set aside. The Negro is as sure to come to his place, no matter what may be the artificial barriers, as he comes to posssess the culture, the manliness and moral elevation necessary to lift him to an adequate moral level.

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THE AUTOMOBILE.

"In a sense the history of the rise of the automobile is a history of some of the foremsot inventors, mechanical engineers and active business men."

The above lines, quoted from a recent history of automobiling, are especially interesting and true. Boys and girls have been enjoying automobile rides for so long a time that they hardly realize what a modern invention the automobile really is, but a few facts will prove how recently and rapidly the horseless carriage has come.

Motor carriages were built and used as early as 1760, but it was not until 1879 that an American invented and operated the first gas engine automobile which was entirely practical for road travel. The general public was slow to believe that automobile had come to stay, and they were not altogether popular. Their success, however, is proved by the fact that while ten years ago there were but seventeen automobile makers, today there are 175. Ten years ago automobile factories employed about 638 people, now they employ 60,000 people. Where $1,000,000 was spent on such vehicles then, there are today $95,000,000. So that the manufacture of automobiles has now become one of America's great industries.

Today there are in Europe and America thousands and thousands of automachines, including taxicabs, trucks, fire-engines, buses, delivery wagons, ambulances, buggies, victorias and touring cars. Recently Mrs. Russell Sage presented to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals an automobile for ambulance service.

It is hard to realize that automobiles are "chugchugging" nearly all over the world; in Australia and Japan and Hawaii and even on the edge of the jungles of India! The most recent anarctic expedition has an ice motor car. Its handles are covered with leather so that the hand of an operator shall not touch the ice-cold metal; the steam from the engine passes under the footboard and acts as a footwarmer, and the front wheels are mounted with flat runners resembling broad snowshoes.

When Mr. Winton traveled from Cleveland to New York in July, 1897, he successfully undertook the first long automobile trip ever made in America, and his is believed to be the first gasoline automobile in New York city. The up-to-date automobile can travel at the rate of a mile a minute, and cars go flying across the country at from forty-five to sixty-five miles an hour without undue strain. The latest "100-mile world's record" stands at the average speed of eight-two and one-half miles an hour.—Exchange.

Once upon a time a certain mother noticed a remarkable change in the deportment of her six-year-old son, who, from a rough, noisy, discourteous boy, became transformed into one of the gentlest, most courteous and considerate fellows in the world. The child was attending the kindergarten, and the mother naturally inferred that to his teacher was due the change she was glad to notice in him.

"Miss Smith teaches you to be polite," she remarked, making what was really an assertion in an interrogative tone.

"No, she never teaches us one bit about it," was the instant and most emphatic answer.

The mother was puzzled, for she was at a loss to account in any other way for so radical a change. A second and third attempt to discover the cause of this condition was attended with a similar result—energetic denial upon the part of the child of any instruction in the matter of courtesy.

"Well, then; if Miss Smith doesn't say anything, what does she do?" she asked at length, quite desperate in her desire for light upon the matter.

"She doesn't do?" she asked at length, quite desperate in her desire for light upon the matter.

"She doesn't do anything. She just walks around, and we feel polite. We feel just as polite as—as everything!"

And the inquiring mother was fully satisfied with his explanation.—The Sunday School Messenger.

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